



CHARLES VIEWER

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Winners of
the Charles Viewer
Literature and Art Contest

Poetry	"She" Maureen Connolly
Prose	Untitled Maureen Connolly
Art	Untitled Jill Bahrke
Photography	"Reminiscing" Anne-Marie Redmond

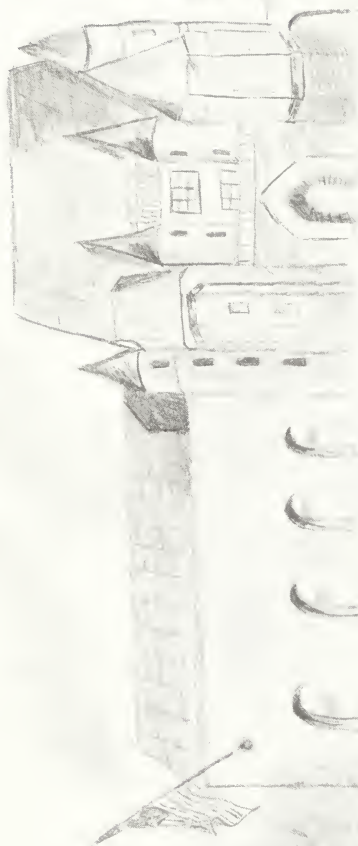
She

She is perfumed
with delicate
memories
of the past,
mysterious
with soft
veiled mists,
soothing with
gentle tears,
refined
with graceful,
swaying limbs,
and attentive
with a
single
sparkling eye.
She nurtures you.
Notice her.

Maureen Connolly

The woman is centered on the screen in front of me. She is hunched over from numerous years of harvesting. Her right arm is outstretched, grasping toward the dry, barren land, craving its sustenance. Her weary left arm is "resting" behind her back, awaiting its turn again. She wears a tattered, faded blue kerchief atop her head, seemingly to absorb the effects of the harsh, pounding sun glaring mercilessly down upon her; nevertheless, streams of perspiration run down her limbs. Her attire is suited for colder climates: a long-sleeved flannel shirt and a thick, scratchy burlap skirt which skims her boot-covered feet. Her once delicate hands are the only flesh directly exposed to the blazing sun. Now they are old, cracked, and weather-beaten--the texture of leather.

Maureen Connolly



Untitled
Jill Bahrke



"Reminiscing"
Anne-Marie Redmond

The River of Love

My love for you is a river,
Running freely over rocks and stones,
Passing swiftly over logs,
Boundaries are swept away with the
current.

It flows even through
The darkest tunnel,
Always to emerge into
Bright sunlight once more.

It gives life to the creatures
That live inside it,
And makes flowers blossom
Along its banks.

It never ends,
But eventually becomes one
With the ocean;
A great mass poured out of my heart.

Andrea Bell

Destination

Yesterday I was free to play,
Sharing good times with my friends.
Today I have to do what they say,
Something I cannot comprehend.

My family and I must leave our house,
We pack our things and go.
I scurry through the streets
like a mouse,
To join my companions, walking slow.

We are loaded onto trains to leave,
For a place somewhere unknown.
We find it almost impossible
to breathe,
All our dreams have flown.

The trains roll in; the doors
open wide.
We realize now, we can no longer hide.

Angie Ackerman

Plants

They are eye-catching
They are good for our health
They take up odd space.

Caroline Zeno



Untitled
Liz Green

Daddy's Home

He struck violently against the door
The frame crumbled . . .
Allowing admission
He stormed in, whiskey in hand
His eyes were glassy and inhuman
He staggered toward her
Chairs overturned, glasses shattered
A door closed softly in the distance
He grabbed her and overpowered her
Her head smacked against the linoleum
A piercing scream filled the air
"Why . . . Why do you do this to us?"
His arm raised, she was silenced
He opened the cabinet
And unscrewed the canister
Filling his pockets with money,
He turned and left
Painfully she arose
And hobbled down the hall
Her eyes scanned the pink room
Her hand opened the closet door
Her eyes filled with water
The child, face wet with tears,
Held her hands tightly over her
ears,
As she slowly rocked back and forth.

Pamela Jean Bujnis



"Apple Blossoms"
Anne-Marie Redmond

The Puppeteer

You are the puppeteer and you
control the play.
You make us animated creatures come
to life.
And control what we do and say.

Whenever you want a favor, love or
affection,
You dust one of us off and pull the
string
Until we come alive and show
tenderness.

Yet you never show true love or
devotion,
Love is your formula and you have
the potion.

Oh, Mr. Puppeteer, you pull the
strings to which we are tied, yet my
string is now tightly around my
neck, please leave me to die.

The dark world where you hide never
sees the light,
You've stolen the soul of many
girls, leaving them in the night.

Time will come when you will see the
gypsy and she's your only fear for
with power of the foreseen future
your girls will disappear.

Dionesia Wouralis

Look of elegance"



"Look of Elegance"
Andalyn Edwards

Classmate

I met you when I was a little girl.
We were in the same school,
A different class.
You always came to my class
And hid my shoe or my lunch box.
You made me angry and I cried.
Then you apologized and gave me your
candy.

Three years ago we met again.
You were different and more gentle
Than when you were a little naughty
boy.
You said you were happy to meet me
again.
However, you were quieter and quieter
After hearing I married.

Irma Indajani

Sunrise

Our love started on an early
morning sunrise.
Our love ended on a late
sunset.

Kerri Johns



"Fortitude"
Maureen Connolly

True Love

"I gotta go, my dad's coming. I'll talk to you tomorrow, Derek." Dreamy-eyed, Melinda hung up the phone. "Who were you talking to, Melinda?" "Oh...umm...that was just Steph, daddy." "So tell me, princess, how was your first day of seventh grade?" "It was okay, I have some homework to do." With that, Melinda dashed up the stairs and closed the door to her room. She blasted her Madonna record and tossed open the closet doors. In an hour, she had tried on six different outfits, and at least three hairstyles. She set her alarm for six-thirty. Melinda was usually up at seven-thirty, but preparations had to be made. Why? She had to shower, of course!

The first bell rang loudly through the school corridors. Melinda and Steph gathered the books from their lockers and headed towards class. "Oh-mi-god, there's Derek at the end of the hall. Do I look okay, Steph?" "You look totally awesome. Now just act cool." The two girls proceeded down the hall. There he was, Derek Mahoney. He was 5'2", brown hair, and had a big pimple on his nose. His flannel shirt was tucked neatly into his Levi's. He clomped down the hall in his too-big work boots. His brown hair looked quite presentable this morning. Could it be Derek got up early, too?

With an awkward smile and a cracking voice, Derek managed to speak. "Hi, Melinda." "Hi, Derek." They continued to walk.

"Did you hear how he said 'Hi, Melinda?' I just know he likes you!"

"Do you really think so?"

"Oh--ferr sure."

The bell rang. Melinda entered her class and plopped down at her desk. She grabbed a pen and diligently started to write

"Melinda loves Derek . . . true love always."

Pamela Jean Bujnis

Spring

A joyous season
Flowers and sunshine, rainbows
Examinations

Caroline Zeno

Silent Fears

I remained silent only to keep
It between us. I gave you love
And so much more. I trusted,
I respected, no one could
Tell me differently.
It became physical and I became
Silently ashamed. Never did I talk,
Never did I complain.

I was destroyed, you did not see.
I was brainwashed and I could not see.
I was not your lover,
And you were not my man.
I was a woman and you--
Were an animal.

Kerry Sullivan

Ideal

As a child I would dream about
Being a teenager.
As a teenager I couldn't wait
For the freedom of adulthood.
As an adult I only wish I could have
The freedom of childhood again.
True freedom.
It seems once you get what you want,
You're never satisfied, and then
You want the impossible.

Anne-Marie Redmond

Tranquility

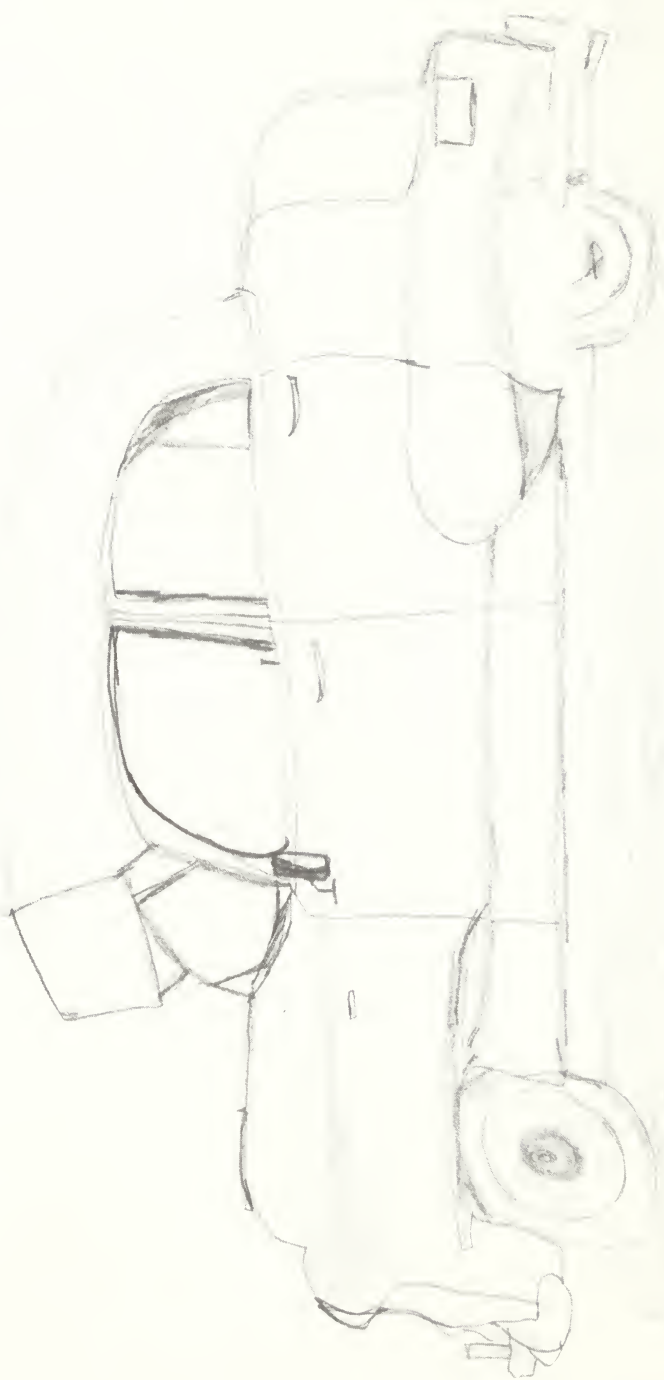
The diamonds I love
can never be worn,
One cannot mine them
by digging in the ground.

I wake to the sounds of morning,
children's voices,
I look out the window
to see bright sun and blue water.

One child plays on the beach
below my window
lifting water in her hands
and letting it fall.

The sun sparkles in many facets
on the water's surface,
My diamonds cost me nothing
but many hours of tranquility.

Melanie Testa



Handwritten signature or initials in the top right corner.

"Chevy"
Anita Salmu

Darkness

I sit here alone
in complete darkness.

I sit here
in complete silence.

I cannot see the
beauty that surrounds me.

I sit here alone
dreaming.

I dream of light.
I dream of full sight.

I sit here alone
my mind in a state of intense
imagination.

I remove my blindfold.
I sit here wondering
How it would be if light
were suddenly obsolete?

I sit here scared.
I ask myself
What if my blindfold was permanent?

Kathleen Whalen

Rain

It helps make things grow
It is much better than snow
You don't shovel it.

Caroline Zeno

Don't fall in love
with Ronnie.
He isn't good
for you
and as hard
as you might
try it
you can't love him
like
I do.
So close your eyes
when he walks
by you
and turn your
head away
when he cries
for his warmth
won't last
forever
and his words
are only lies.
Don't let his blue
eyes
fool you
when you're away
they turn to
red
and although you may
not see it
you are his
until he's dead.
His friends are
always laughing and
his skies are
always blue
but let me tell
you something
He'll get his
before he's through.

So save yourself
from endless pain
and remember what
you've learned
for life won't ever
be the same
after you've been
burned.

Amy Williams

Why do you still love me?
Arguments being our main
shared activity,
It seems strange.
Didn't we enjoy each other
and actually look forward to
spending our time together?
What happened?
I don't understand.
Maybe you still love me simply
because I still love you.

Janice Spencer



Untitled
Lisa DeVescovi

Emotional Wipeout

So sad it can be
As if someone has clenched
Your heart--
Emotions swept into fury
Feeling only confusion
Wanting peace of mind
But staying numb
You have left me--
As a cold, grey day
Being empty
Alone, without you
Divorced from your soul
I weep with bitterness.

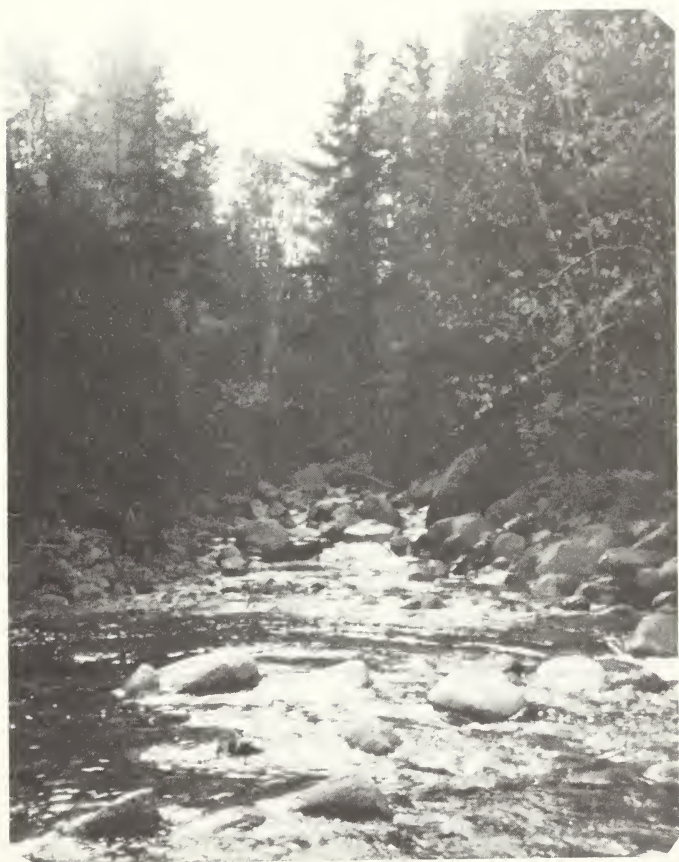
Anita Salmu

No Junior Prom

"Have a good time at the prom, Kate." With that, she placed the receiver back on the hook. She stared at the lacy pink prom dress that hung lifeless in the closet. She caressed the silky material with her fingers. She dreamed of what the prom would be like. She desired to go so badly--it ached. She grabbed the dress off the hanger and threw it into a lump on the floor. She glared at the phone . . . "stupid thing, why don't you ring? . . . Why hasn't he called?" Everything was going to be just perfect--she thought silently. "He said he loved me!"

She stood in front of the mirror. The mirror never lies. Her reflection was blurred because of the tears in her eyes. "All the better, I don't want to see that awful image." She waddled over to the couch and sat down . . . slowly. She placed her swollen ankles on the fluffy pillows. The phone rested quietly on the end-table. "He's just got to call, he knows everything. Why is this happening to me?" Tears streamed down her face. She placed her hand upon her enormous stomach . . . she felt the baby kick.

Pamela Jean Bujnis



Untitled
Maureen Connolly

The House That Never Sleeps

I'd like to tell this story, please
So listen carefully
It all began one evil night
Along the foggy sea.

It stood upon a rocky ledge
As still as it could be
A massive wooden structure
Encircled by the trees.

All through the darkness,
Winds did blow
They sounded through the night
The house appeared to be alive
It was a haunting sight.

The house holds many tales
For long ago there lived
A family with a little child
Whom love they both did give.

One sunny day she disobeyed
As did their son before
By playing near the ledge too close
She fell from cliff to shore.

All through the darkness,
Winds did blow
They sounded through the night
The house appeared to be alive
It was a haunting sight.

And sadness filled the parents'
hearts
The house they had to leave
For dreams of children crying out
Their spirits they believed.

It has been vacant many years
All grown with ivy vines
The shutters banging in the breeze
A chill goes up your spine.

All through the darkness,
Winds did blow
They sounded through the night
The house appeared to be alive
It was a haunting sight.

The people of the village know
The house is occupied
For in it roams both day and night
The spirits that never died.

Dionesia Wouralis

Celebrations always happen
so fast
But the aftermath seems to
linger.

Kristin Draper



"Grace Under Pressure"
Anne-Marie Redmond

Writer's Block

The paper remained barren.
. . . No expression existed . . .
Not one harmonious locution entered my
mind.
No spellbinding sentences to enchant
the reader . . .
No witty words to impress . . .
No tantalizing tales . . .
-- Nothing --

A composition awaited
Yet a vacant page glared at me,
Desiring thoughts, feelings, dreams
-- Nothing --
The bare page screamed a silent scream
For no words filled its mouth
The page remained barren.

Pamela Jean Bujnis

To live, love, and feel free,
Is how the world's supposed to be.
Through good times and bad times,
Rain and snow,
Just be happy, let it show.
Even if you're feeling sore
Always make love instead of war.

Anonymous

Every road
seems to be a
dead end;
there is gravel
and I keep
slipping
my feet are
bleeding and
sweat is covering
my eyes
my knee gives way
and I fall,
but I have
attempted.

Amy Williams

The Experience

The snowcapped Alps
Soothe my soul
Peace of mind

I gaze down
At the plush green carpet
The swift breeze
Cleanses me
My mind wanders
My thoughts embrace
The moment

A deer flits
Across my ken
Switzerland . . .
Peace of mind

Maureen Connolly

~Touch of Class~



"Touch of Class"
Andalyn Edwards

We took a walk
Just you and I
Out into the forest
 together.
We shared our minds
We shared our hearts
And one day
 it was gone.
We left that place
 to face life,
Not knowing what
 would happen.
Then we met again
For a very short time . . .
 and then the separation
 set in again.
For now that we
Go on with life
We can only
 remember . . .

Kari Miller

Don't love me for the way I wear
My hair,
Or for the clothes that I wear.
Don't love me for the car I drive,
And please don't love me
For my parents' income.
These are all "nice and good" but
They do not make me.
These are all external things.
Love me for the eternal me.

Anne-Marie Redmond



"Reality"
Lisa DeVescovi

And They Both Gave Thanks

The two women approached each other on the street. Their eyes met and held. They looked each other up and down. The woman dressed in the mink stole stood statuesque in her Charles Jourdan pumps. Her Gucci bag draped nicely over her shoulder. The bag swayed as she glided across the sidewalk. Her hands displayed a magnificent array of jewels. Her emerald green eyes were painted to perfection. She glared at the lower-class woman with disgust.

The other woman looked up at what appeared to be an ice-sculpture. Was this woman a porcelain doll or a person? Various thoughts rushed through her mind as she looked at this creation . . . I wonder what her real face looks like under all that make-up? An animal actually had to die for THAT? I wonder how heavy her hand is? If she is so wealthy, why doesn't she look happy? Why does she have such tight lines around her mouth, doesn't she smile? The women continued walking.

At their homes that evening, each of the women told of a sad sight they saw that afternoon. They continued to tell of what it was like to see someone like "that." As both women went to bed, in different homes and different social classes, both were thankful and satisfied with their lives.

Pamela Jean Bujnis

Where There's Love, There Is Hope

He felt a deep pain while lying next
to her in bed,
How she possesses him with the
things that she says.
Does she really care? He wonders
all the time.
Or is it a game she is playing with
his mind?

What is happening to them? She
can't understand,
The world was their own, they had
everything planned.
The love still remains, but is it
time to move on?
She looks at his face and knows that
she's wrong.

Don't give up on love, that's what
they were told,
But the way it was going, it got too
hard to hold.
Things will work out, if they try
hard together,
This relationship is too precious to
lose forever.

Jennifer Graves



"Impressions"
Maureen Connolly

Good-bye

Good-bye
And it hurts
And I cry
It's the waves folding,
The trees dying,
The children growing.
It's the flowers wilting,
The leaves falling,
The pond freezing.
It's the sun setting,
The birds migrating and
The distance that comes between.
And worst of all,
It's the friends leaving.
I hate to say it, but . . .
Good-bye.

Cindy Welter

The sky meets the sea
You and I meet as beautiful as
A sunset
Drifting beyond a mountain top
The fascination of holding
Someone new
Danced in our hearts as delight
Pervades our lives.
As a cool breeze swept you away
I keep with me pleasant regards
To the next encounter
We'll soon grasp.

Jennifer Setaro

Still of the Night

Darkness, the night outside.
It can be quiet and still.
Darkness has no light
Except for the stars in the sky.

Still of the night, what does
that mean?
Can night be part of our world?
Or is it part of another?
To some people, night is a theory.
One day, time will stop.
Night will stay still.
To some people,
still of the night means nothing.

Janet Lee

Beautiful?

They look beautiful,
glossy, wet, shiny
filed to perfection
long, round, strong.
If one breaks
pain, tears, blood.
If one goes
they all go.
Therefore your hands
will no longer look beautiful.

Carolyn DeChiaro



Untitled
Justine Peroni

Why?

Why is life full of pleasure and
pain?

Why is one day sunny while another
one brings rain?

Why is life such a puzzle to
everyone?

Why do people suffer misery and
later laugh and have fun?

Why does life bring miracles and
tragedies, love and hate?

Why can't we choose our fate?

Why can't we find the answers
looking back in history?

Why does life have to be such a
mystery?

Anita Salmu

The best of all things is to learn.
Money can be lost or stolen,
Health and strength may fail,
But what you have committed to your
mind
Is your own forever.

Maura Boudrot

Remembrance

Upon arrival,
I sensed the
Tension.
One look into
His bride's
Lifeless eyes,
And I
Understood
Her apprehension.
For death
 Never lies.

You say
That you do not
Comprehend,
Well, it is
Quite common,
His stay
With us
Has simply ceased,
Without much fuss.

The final breath
Seeped away
During
His sleep
Nevertheless,
His soul
Shall rest,
In God's hands
 His birthing nest.

Maureen Connolly



"Spring"
Anne-Marie Redmond

A Letter to a Friend

My brain hurts
It feels as though it is a heart
Making irregular beats.

We've heard of heartache
I've felt that
But is there brainache?
Someone answer.

What is happening to me?
Is my brain going into a rage?
Someone answer.
Can I turn it off?
Help me.
I am having an internal storm.
I've discovered myself
In a royal state of depression.

Our world is so cruel.
I feel it.
Can we stop it?
Someone answer.
Is there an answer? Is there a cure?

Delete my question.
I've discovered the answer--
Face reality, strive for the best, and
Reach for the most distant star
In your eyes.
And always, my friend,
Keep my poetry close to your heart.
I assure you true happiness for this
Moment and forever.

Kathleen Whalen



Untitled
Andalyn Edwards

Pondering Life

While studying one Sunday afternoon I had a thought of how I always let things pass me by. Am I letting life pass me by now? All I do is go to school, work and study. Is this living? Am I letting the "best" part of my life pass me by? Am I living now or preparing to live? But after I finish school and join the "real world" and "settle down," will that be living? Will I always worry about my life and future or will it be over before I live it?

Anne-Marie Redmond

Time Has Come

I've waited a week
So lazy, so lazy
Watching them grow
Feeling the discomfort
The time has come
To pick up my razor
And shave my legs.

Carolyn DeChiaro

The Unknown

Darkness surrounds us,
The moon barely shines
Through the-frosted window pane.
Silence smothers us.
We both have the same
Things on our minds--
Unspoken feelings.

Twisted with confusion,
I must know how you feel.
I know that actions
Speak louder than words,
But cards, phone calls, drives,
And dinners just don't
Satisfy my heart anymore.

Before the sun rises,
Our words will be heard.

Kathy DeVincke

The way he eyes me
He knows I belong to him
But is he all mine?

Anne Marie Tucciarone

Most Important--

I Wish I Had Told Him . . .

He'd smoked a pack of cigarettes a day since he was a teenager.

He was told that he only had three months to two years to live

. . . Going to die . . .

New sentimental attitude

Feeling my throat swell, eyes moisten

Went from 155 to 90 pounds in a matter of months.

Bony legs the size of arms

Voice hoarse.

Mom, emotional wreck

after Dad's death

Year ago today--Dad died--

we're better

We argued too much, not many good times

Or just not enough

Dad's death brought the family closer

Together. I felt sorry for myself

When I went back to college

He took me boating--

taught me to catch

My very first fish

I wish I had told him . . .

Maura Boudrot

1-14-86



"Wading"
Lisa DeVescovi

The Other One in Your Life

You say you love me.
You say you'll be there for me.
You leave me and never tell me where
or why.
You think I don't know.
Why can't you stop?
You don't realize what you do.
I love you.
I care for you.
But there's something that I can't
beat.
It's in the way.
It's destroying your life.
Put down that drink.

Susan Clarke

The Mask

I hear your laughter
I see your smile
and wonder is it really you?
Or behind that mask
do you hide your hurt
from the memories of
the love
we once knew?

Sherri Sumner



Untitled
Andalyn Edwards

Torn From the Vine

The pain pulsates through my veins
I inhale deeply
My vision is clouded by the tears
as I remember you

Why were you taken from me, Mom?
You were a rose . . .
torn from the bush
I cling to the vines for support
But the petals keep falling . . .
falling

Each time I see a rose . . . I
remember how much you mean to me
How much your sweet scent is missed
The air is stale
My memories blossom

But as I reach out and pick
the beautiful rose from the vein
A thorn cuts deep into my soul
The pain flows freely and the blossom
closes
As the petals keep
falling

Pamela Jean Bujnis

The cruelest thing
You can do to me
Is
To make me
Doubt myself.

Maureen Connolly



Untitled
Maryjo Halnon

Tribute

Sorrow, sadness, and dismay
are around the soldiers where
they lay.

Among the poppies bright and red
you sleep, sleep, sleep upon
your bed.

You carried the torch of freedom
so high.

For us and this freedom you had
to die.

To this day we remember the tragedies
of war.

God bless the soldiers gone
forever more.

Sandy Montgomery

The wind kept blowing
Faster and faster until
It could blow no more.

Anne Marie Tucciarone



"Frosted Delicacy"
Anne-Marie Redmond

the dark, heavy fog
began to lift,
slowly revealing
luminescent streaks of sunlight
upon the vast
green valley.
the bitter air glistened
as the dew fell gingerly
onto the thick,
green grass
and gave birth to a thousand
yellow lillies.
from under the bridge of a sparkling
freshwater stream emerged a tiny man
peering cautiously into the sky.
he yawned, and wiped the morning tears
from his eyes.
a broad smile filled his face
as he skipped up
the rolling hills whistling gaily
until he reached the peak
and stood in awe
as he awaited the completion
of a magnificent, breathtaking
rainbow.
the bright colors
reflected off of the valley
and turned the already beautiful day
into a huge celebration of life.
all day he rolled down the hills
and sang with the birds.
he bathed in the stream
amongst the fishes
and ate fruits from the orchard trees.
in between one of his many sighs of
happiness,
a cold drop of dew fell onto his nose
and sent a sharp quiver throughout
his tiny body.

his smile began to fade
as he ran with the speed of
a racehorse toward
the edge of the valley
and was able to lift
the gleaming pot of gold
just seconds before the rainbow faded
and the dark
heavy fog began to fall.

Amy Williams

Forced Thoughts

Think now,
there is nothing to think.

Do it now,
there is nothing to do.

Be it now,
there is nothing to be . . .
but myself.

Kristin Draper



"Autumnal Interlude"
Maureen Connolly

Dear John,

When we first met I was so young and impressionable, and you did impress me. I idolized you so much that I never knew you. I said "I love you" when I did not even love myself. You charmed me, brought me gifts, dressed up for me--but you did it for you. You did it to get what you wanted. When you got what you wanted you ignored me and treated me badly. Again you were doing it for yourself--for this, to hear me say, "I don't think we're right for each other," and the infamous words, "but we can still be friends." I will say one thing--I have learned from this relationship. When I thought I had mastered you, I was really your servant. Is it really better to love or to be loved? Yes, you love for your own pleasure, and you are loved for the pleasure of the lover.

Anne-Marie Redmond

Mr. Sun

You give warmth and light
You make the world go 'round
You give me a burn.

Caroline Zeno

A Cry of Peace

Tears fall from the anguished,
Tired soldiers can't rest their eyes.
Fighting for their country,
Peace is their only wish.
Children are suffering--
And the innocent die.
Why can't everyone be free?
There is a cry of peace--
Heard from the land--
But who will lend that helping hand?
Only the strongest--
Can win the war--
And leave behind the destruction
and hate forever more.

Anita Salmu

A star in the sky
Beautifully different
From all the others.

Anne Marie Tucciarone



"Holland"
Hilde Smit

Once again
I have been
Disillusioned
I believed
in you . . .
Entirely
Now
I wonder,
It is
Tempting
To turn bitter
Once
Reality seeps in,
Like a
Total eclipse,
All hope
Is blotted out
But
Not this time
I am more
Resilient . . .
Now.
This time your
Insensitivity
Will not
Damage me
Because
I realize
That
Eventually
You
Will learn . . .
To appreciate . . .
Me.

You
Are worth . . .
The wait.

Maureen Connolly

Who can justify a dream,
or a fantasy?
Are they only for those
who are poor, or crippled?
Am I selfish for wanting
to be held and touched?
I cannot begin to express
the feelings I have for him.
He is beautiful,
his eyes, his smile,
my shoulder burns when he touches it,
and when he looks at me,
I know I could fly.
Yet, when I awake,
he is never there;
is it possible he is my fantasy?
How can something that beautiful
be a dream?
I did not think I was that capable,
that gifted.
I thought only God was a creator.
Whose voice do I hear
which ails my every fear?
Whose body do I yearn to make love to?
When I'm lonely or afraid,
I hear his voice telling me he cares.
There are tears in his eyes,
Because he's happy I'm safe.
He holds out his hand and
I run to embrace him.
Again my imagination loses,
And I laugh at myself for believing
he was a dream.
How childish,
how naive.
I reach for his hand and grasp,
once again,
the cold, bitter air,
and awake to the emptiness of
my own imagination.

Amy Williams

Last Words

She was dearer than a friend
More loving than a mother
And there was no question
Why we all loved her.

The delicateness of a flower
The sweetness before sour
And never did I realize this
Until the last hour.

A Queen to a King
Honey to a bee
A gem to a ring
And everything to me.

A saint sent from heaven
We thought for eternity
Taking care of her four angels
Until ready to return to He.

After nineteen years I sit
And think of how it used to be
And every tear that falls from my
eyes
Is in her memory.

Paula Savona



"Optical Illusions"
Anne-Marie Redmond

It scares me
That
I trust you
So completely
I let you
"see" me
From all
Angles
My disguise
Is cast aside
I am
Cautious
Perhaps you may
View
A side of me
That you
Dislike
Please don't
Shut me out . . .
Then.
I feel
Vulnerable
Because I
Trust you
So completely.
That sounds
Like a
Contradiction
But it is not.
I guess
What I'm really
Trying
To say is:
"Please don't hurt me . . .
Okay?"

Maureen Connolly



"Garden Flowers"
Maura Boudrot

Goodbye

A starlit night
a warm summer breeze,
a soft kiss
a fallen star
that's what I miss
without you by my side
it's been hard to carry on.
At times I just about cried
your precious blue eyes
a smile with just one dimple
yes, it's been hard since that
Goodbye.

I can no longer love you more
nor shall I love you less
It's time for me to move along.
It could never be you who has
done just wrong
It's me searching for that
special song.

Jennifer Setaro

"LA KARMA DE LA AQUA Sapiens"
(The Fate of the Water beings)



"La Karma De La Aqua Sapiens"
(The Fate of the Water Beings)
Andalyn Edwards

As if coming out of a fog, my senses slowly come alive. First, I hear a machine that seems to be blowing air. Then I hear a steady beep. I slowly open my eyes, and cannot focus. I close them again. I fall back into a deep sleep.

When I awake again, I hear talking, in addition to the machine and the beep from before. When I open my eyes, things come into focus a little more, and I see two figures in white coats. I hear, "there's no hope." There's something sticking out of my nose. I try to reach up to feel it, but my hand doesn't move. I try the other hand, but it also does not move. What has happened? Where am I? Who am I? What's wrong with me? Soon, I am exhausted, and fall asleep again.

This time when I awake, I am alone. I can see clearly now, and realize I must be in a hospital. Why? I remember nothing, no matter how hard I try. I can turn my head, but cannot move anything else. I'm hooked up to so many machines! I'm inside a plastic tent! Does no one come to visit? I've got tubes and needles running into my arms. Don't they know where I am? Don't they care? I'm so tired! Why? That same question keeps running through my mind. Why? I feel no pain. I just feel very tired. So tired. I drift off to sleep again.

Bang! I awake with a start, and see a janitor in my room. I call out to him but he does not hear me. Did I even speak? Please, someone, tell me what's wrong! I realize there are no flowers in my room, no cards. Don't I have any family or friends? I get so tired when I think about it. Sleep overcomes me again.

I dream about a man and a child playing in a park. They are so happy, so beautiful. I call to them, but they don't seem to know that I'm there. Can't anybody hear or see me? The dream fades.

When I open my eyes, the man and boy are outside my tent. They are crying. I'm here, I'm okay! They leave the room. Wait! Please stay! Tell me who I am, who you are! Wait!

Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my chest--the beep is no longer steady, but an alarm. Someone help! It's me! Diane! I'm in here! Mark, David, I'm in here!! I'm okay!

Two doctors rush into the room with a cart, but I'm so tired. My eyes close, but I'll be okay. Won't I?

I'm so peaceful now.

Dana DeLorenzo

The moon cried silver
drops of
blood.
I watched
as they fell
sweetly
onto the ice.

The sky turned
from red
to black
and although I
couldn't see,
I could feel the
heat from
the melting ice
and I shivered as
cold water trickled
through my
toes and began to
rush swiftly
over my naked
thighs.

I wanted to
dance,
and play like a
child
but I knew
the sensation
would last only
a moment, for the
thick clouds would be
back to redeem what
was theirs
and then
it would be my turn
to cry.

Amy Williams

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

The staff of the Charles Viewer sincerely thank those many talented students who submitted material. All work was selected and judged anonymously. The quality of the work made all selection decisions very difficult. Particular mention is due for two works considered close runners-up in the prose and poetry contest categories: Dana DeLorenzo's untitled prose piece beginning "As if coming" and Amy Williams' untitled poem beginning "The moon cried silver drops."



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